

John Hinde Cotton had been before him, in order to curb and control these classes. The latter (Sir J. Cotton) also was for the ballot. It so happened, that the French devolution -was coincident with Burdett's appearance in public life, and so, in the confusion of circumstances it turned out that he was looked upon as a Jacobin, when in reality he was a Jacobite. The English public, which is particularly ignorant of history, joined in the taunts of his inconsistency when, late in life, the Boromongers having been got rid of, Burdett turned out to be what he started, a high aristocratic English politician.

He was extremely vain, but not offensively so; his high breeding prevented that: and under all circumstances, he was distinguished by simplicity. I think he was the greatest gentleman I ever knew. For many years after he entered Parliament he rode up to Westminster from his seat in Wiltshire on horseback. The country, especially in that part of England, was then very open, and abounded in downs and commons. In one of his best speeches in Parliament (then reformed and full of quiet middle-class people) on the expenses of elections, he greatly denounced them, and observed that he had a right to give an opinion on the subject, as there was a period in his life when Parliamentary contests had reduced him to a state of absolute beggary. There was a murmur of admiring incredulity. 'I assure you, Sir,' he continued, 'I am indulging in no exaggeration. Honorable gentlemen may not beleive it, but I can assure them there was a time when Lady Burdett had only one pair of horses to her carriage.' The effect of this remark in one of the early reformed Parliaments, full of retired tradesmen, many of whom had amassed wealth, but had never plucked up courage to keep a carriage, may be conceived. It was the most patrician definition of poverty ever made.

He was very good-natured, especially to young members, but rather absent and thoughtless in domestic arrangements. He would say to me (1838 and so on) 'Will you take your mutton with me to-day? We are quite alone. Come in boots. You won't be wanted for an hour/ And I often went. He lived in St. James's Place. His dinners were most agreeable. Lady Burdett, a clever woman, but a great invalid, appeared after dinner: and there were several agreeable daughters. One day he asked me to take mutton, and so on, and, when I arrived in frock, I was

ushered into illumined saloons, full of
grand guests in full *tenue*

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